



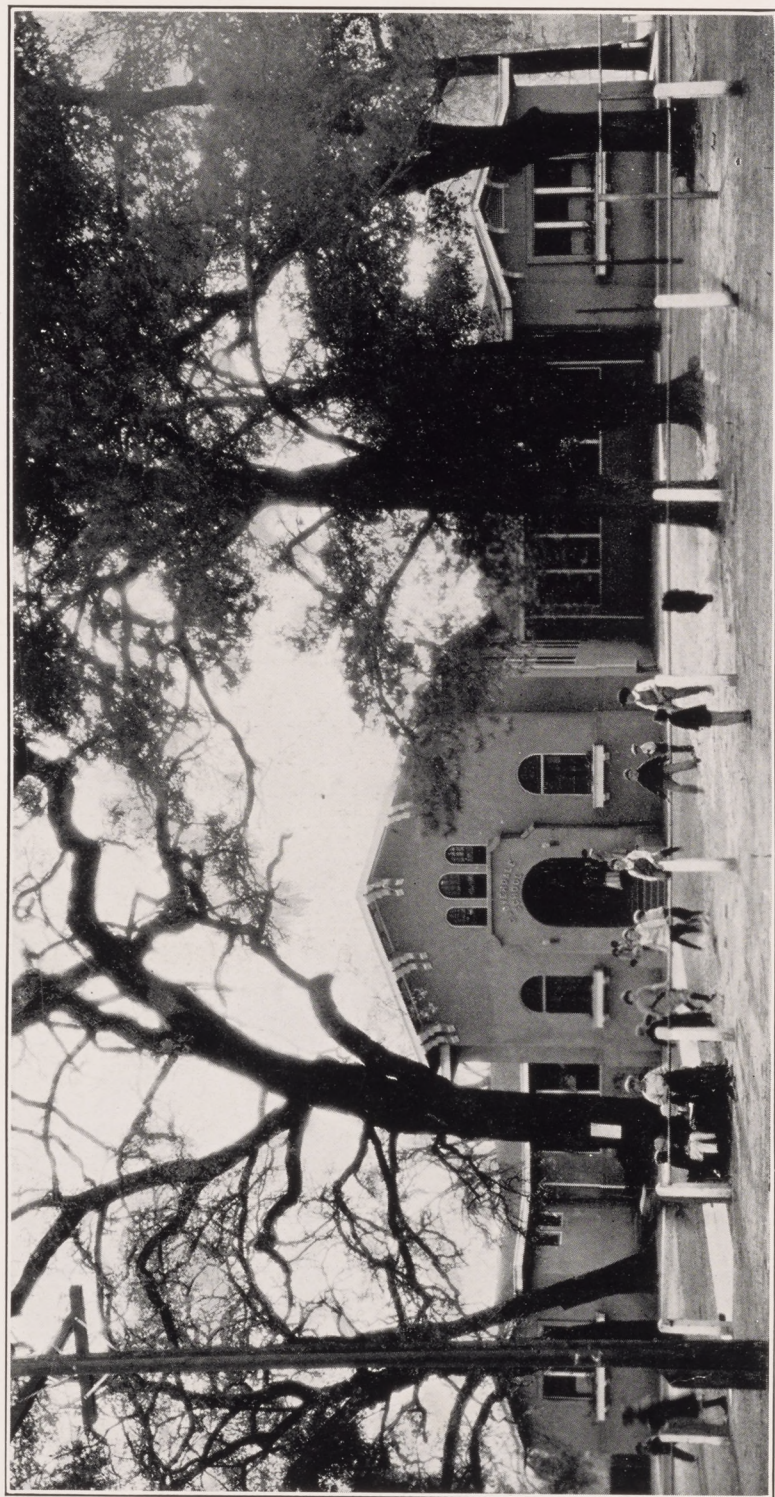
CLOVERDALE

Cloverdale Historical Society

THE SPECTATOR



CLOVERDALE
UNION HIGH SCHOOL



OUR CLOVERDALE

Erected 1917



WE, THE STAFF OF THE SPECTATOR,
DEDICATE THIS ISSUE TO OUR MOST
BELOVED PRINCIPAL, MR. W. J. PETERS,
FOR HIS UNTIRING EFFORTS AND
FAITHFUL HELP WITH OUR WORK
DURING OUR HIGH SCHOOL YEARS.

THE SPECTATOR

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Our Problem



WHAT is honor? Who are "honor students," in the true sense of the word?

Possession of the characteristics necessary to win the insignia of academic achievement displayed by these scholars indicates high probability for success in the various fields of commerce, industry and invention.

The true "honor student" is not a mere book worm. He is not doomed to mediocrity or to failure in the practical affairs of life because he studies while his associates busy themselves "getting by" that they have more time for fun.

Parents, what kind of student do you want your child to be? Do you want him to be in the group of "honor students" or in the group of "getting by" students? Do you realize that he will be in the same group tomorrow and through life that he is in today unless something definite is done to cause the change.

If you are satisfied with the child's present accomplishments, habits and attitudes, then something must be done to counteract influences that tend to pull him down. On the other hand, if you hope for your child to be mentally and morally conscious of the idea toward which he should strive, something definite must be done to arouse that consciousness and stimulate those desired ideas.

Psychologists tell us that consciousness operates primarily in directing movements and controlling human behavior. But the danger is that the unfolding power from within the child and the ever pressing environment from without, will wreck the human machine while conscience lies dormant or sleeps at the wheel.

We, as parents and teachers, need to be ever conscious of the fact that child life is real life. The children must be led to see that it is not just a state or condition in which they exist for a period of twelve or eighteen years, and then by some process of metamorphosis awake to find themselves good, responsible, intelligent men and women. They are living today, not just getting ready to live later; hence they are responsible for their character, their moral growth, their self-control and their social efficiency. They need to get the idea that the parents and the teachers are not "joy killers" but are simply helpers pointing out the better paths in the journey of life.

I repeat, child life is real life, child life is busy life, child life will be what the home, the church and the school make it by their rewards and punishments.

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When I tell you that pupils with the "getting by" attitude, meet in homes in the presence of parents and copy their work one from the other, without pretense of concealment, without apparent sense of wrong and without seeming thought of the consequences, you will understand why I plead for a closer, firmer, co-operative relation between the home and the school.

I submit below, in a tabulated form, some of the elements which educators seek to weave into the academic program. It is hoped that this outline may furnish definite ideas that may be used by the "getting by" class as stepping stones to the true honor student group.

Self-Mastery

1. Tongue
2. Temper
3. Impulses

Self-Reliance

1. Of Thought
2. Will Power

Self-Improvement

1. Habits
2. Cleanliness
3. Health
4. Reading

Reliability

1. Truth
2. Honesty
3. Dependability
4. Trust
5. Economy

Sportsmanship

1. Fair play
2. Courtesy
3. Altruism
4. Optimism

Law of Duty

1. Fulfillment

Team-Work

1. Adaptability
2. Congeniality
3. Cheerfulness
4. Co-operation

Kindness

1. Goodwill
2. Speech
3. Manners
4. Respect for Womanhood

Loyalty

1. To family
2. To instructor
3. To school
4. To country
5. To humanity

Workmanship

1. Interest
2. Effort to excel
3. Orderliness
4. Care of equipment
5. Initiative

Attendance

1. Punctuality
2. Regularity
3. Extra hours

W. J. PETERS



Exchanges

We appreciate the large number of exchanges that have come to us this year. These annuals are all excellent and we have enjoyed them greatly. Thank you. Be sure to come again next year.

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EDITORIAL



EVERYONE is striving for success, unconsciously in some cases, for even children exert themselves to gain the things that they desire.

When do we score our first big success? On commencement night, the culmination of our high school training, which has built up our characters for larger successes. A mind, well trained in high school is the very foundation of our lives, for it enables us to learn a lesson from each commonplace experience which comes to us through the years.

You ask what a well-trained mind is. To have a well-trained mind one must have book learning, to be sure, for this gives the mind a broader scope of knowledge. One must read well, and possess a mastery of the English language to be acceptable to society. But there is a bigger lesson which starts when we are babies, grows when we are in grammar school, and strengthens a hundredfold in high school. This is the lesson which teaches us to give and take.

In learning this lesson we receive many hard knocks. At first it seems all give and no take. But after comprehending this, we come to a larger lesson, co-operation. Co-operation with our parents comes first, then with our schoolmates and teachers.

Co-operation is necessary in all walks of life, for we find that everyone does not meet things from the same viewpoint. By our progress along the lines of co-operation, in school activities we have learned to give and take.

Then comes the next step in our learning. It is the true understanding, which results from this close relationship and hearty co-operation with our comrades. In learning this we have overcome one of the greatest obstacles in life, the lack of understanding. If we truly understood our comrades, the people of our nation, the people of other nations, there would be no quarrels, no petty troubles, no wars. All the world would be in harmony, the child with the parent, the student with the teacher, the citizen with his nation, the nation with other nations.

So we find the motto, "Give and Take," backed by co-operation and understanding is the foundation of our lives, the keystone of success and harmony. This is the forceful element, which must be molded into the characters of the young American citizens.



Class of '24

MOTTO: *Ever Onward*

COLORS: *Pink and Green*

FLOWER: *Sweet Pea*



CLASS ROLL

Merlyn Pearce

Alice Grace Yordi

Jane Elizabeth Kleiser

Irmita McPhail

Elbert Gibbins

Jane Liest

Esther Sink

Yell Nobles

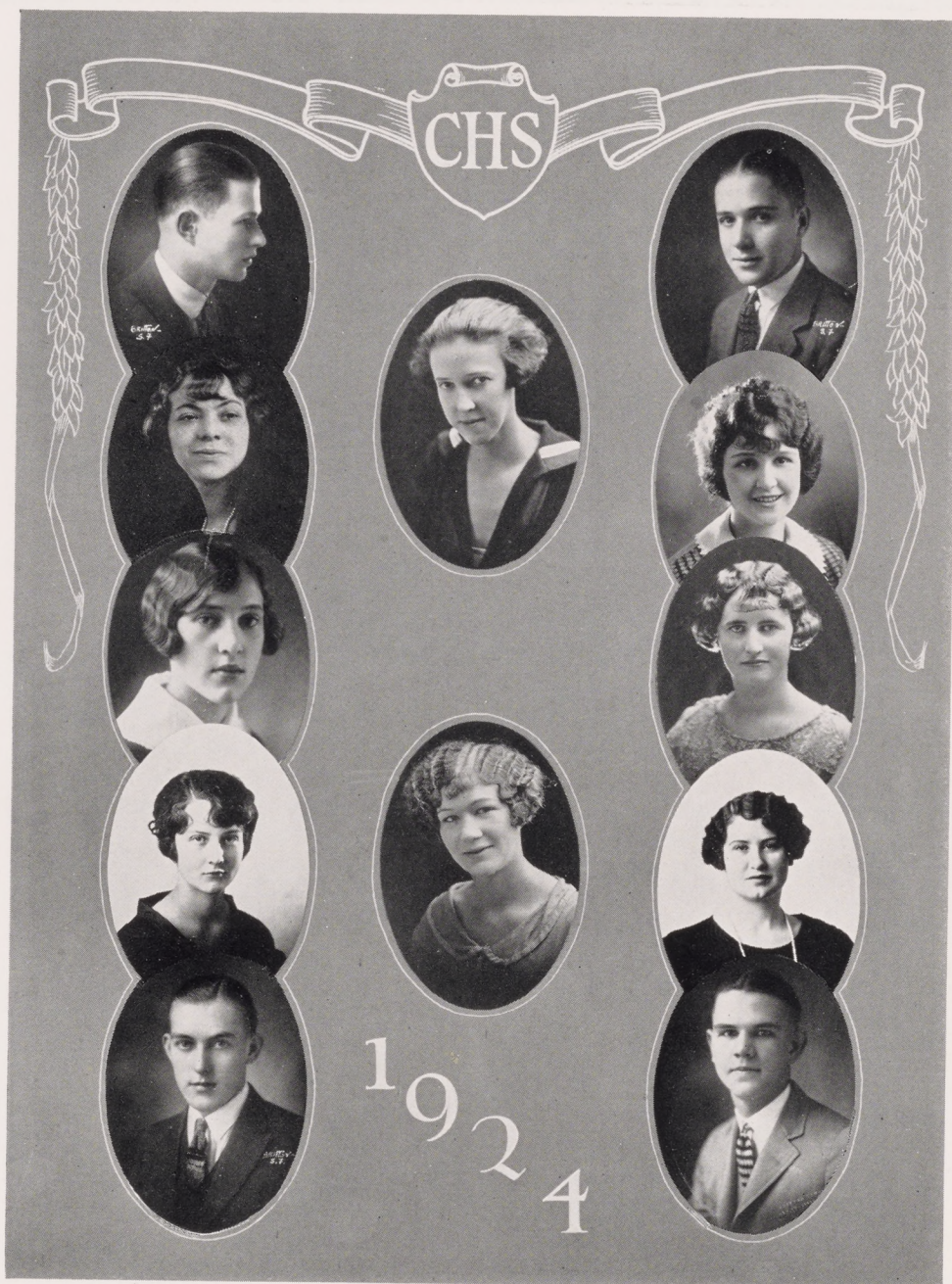
Isabelle Catherine Murray

Celia Smith

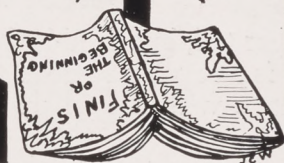
Dicy Elizabeth Hurt

Ben Warren

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HISTORY



THERE is no use telling everybody of our so-called greenness, when, as the Freshmen Class of '21, we entered high school. No doubt, we felt very foolish when seated in the freshmen row, but every fellow must start at the bottom and work up. Just see where we are now. And yet, many of us, in several ways, would like to change places with some of the rest of you, because we hate to leave this high school and the gang.

I suppose the next thing to tell about is a brief history of the Senior Class members. Well, there is Yell Nobles. He joined the gang in the sophomore year, coming from Lemoore High School. Yell's hobby was always along the line of athletics, with several other things added.

Dicy Hurt joined us in the junior year. She hailed from Round Valley, if you know where that is. To keep the living expenses down she spends most of her spare time in the telephone office.

Now there is Elbert Gibbins who has always lived in Cloverdale and is a young man well thought of by the natives. He is employed at George Cavalli's and some day may own the peanut department of that establishment.

Ben Warren, the chemistry whiz, entered as a freshman here, and has taken an active part in all school activities.

Alice Grace Yordi entered in the freshman year, in April, from the San Diego High School. She is the honorable class president and has been ever since her sophomore year.

And Isabelle Murray, the class beauty, stepped in sometime after the freshmen initiation ceremonies were over. Isabelle is very fond of imaginative literature, especially poetry.

Celia Smith is a charter member of the class. Though she seems very quiet, she is always there with a helpful suggestion or a good hard pull at the oars, when that is needed.

Irnita McPhail, who is making the course in three years, came from Indian Creek District, near Philo. She always minds her business, and is there in class for recitation.

Esther Sink is a member of good standing. She surely doesn't live up to her last name, for she never sinks, but is always on top when it comes to fun.

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Merlyn Pearce blew in about the year '21 and is a very quiet lad.
'Nuf sed.

Jane Abetty Kleiser, rather tall, but good-looking, is the class standby.

Jane Liest, but not last, is a regular baseball fan. Jane has suffered all the tribulations, from the start, with the whole class. She is a prominent member.

Now that this is finished, please turn to the class prophecy, and see what we are going to do.

SENIOR CLASS ROLL

ELBERT GIBBINS	Exclusive Grocer
DICY HURT	Dutiful Housewife
JANE KLEISER	Just Krazy
JANE LIEST	Jolly Lover
IRNITA McPHAIL	Independent Money-maker
ISABELLE MURRAY	Indefatigable Muse
YELL NOBLES	Youthful Nut
CELIA SMITH	Clever Seamstress
ESTHER SINK	Elegant Songster
MERLYN PEARCE	Mirthful Preacher
BEN WARREN	Brave Warrior
ALICE GRACE YORDI	A Gay Youngster



Opportunity

Life, Joyous life,
High thoughts, worthy deeds.
All the world pleads
For opportunity.

Opportunity lies hidden in
A little love, a little praise
That may help to raise
Some struggling soul.

To the poor
Stretch forth a helping hand;
At their side take your stand;
Forget their faults, love them more
And find—opportunity.

Take courage!
Each new sunrise
Bids us rise
To meet opportunity.

Always with us—omnipresent,
Offered—forever,
Lacking—never:
This is opportunity.

IRNITA McPHAIL

CLASS WILL



We, the Senior Class of 1924, being of bright intellect, sane and disposing condition of mind, do hereby declare and make public our last will and testament.

To the faculty we bequeath our sympathy for not being honored with our presence next year.

To the juniors we bequeath the dignity of having the Senior title, in hopes that they honor and respect it as we have done.

To the sophomores we leave our ability to keep up the school spirit.

To the freshmen we leave our ability to remain quiet during any session of O. V. L. and to refrain from passing notes while in classes.

We, the senior girls, will to the coming freshmen girls our right to the community comb with the sincere hope that they will never disgrace it by the use of soap and water.

We, the senior boys, will to the freshmen boys of 1925 Julius Cæsar, hoping that they may have as much fun with him as we did when freshmen. If any of you are interested in where to find him, write to box 401, and this information will be given to you, if you promise to always keep him painted green.

I, Ben Warren, bequeath to Arthur McCray my ability to argue with the professor and to uphold the rights of the Ku Klux Klan.

I, Isabelle Murray, will and bequeath to Thelma Richards, my permanent wave and curls, and to Mary Hiatt my ability to appear in public.

I, Jane Liest, leave to Evelyn Cook my guardianship over the sign "No Smoking" in the girl's dressing room.

I, Dicy Hurt, will and bequeath to Hazel Smith, the Royal typewriter and my position in Mr. Peter's office. To Ann McMichael, I leave my ability to get by without studying.

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I, Alice Grace Yordi, will and bequeath to Pauline Domine my popularity and ability to carry on the Society.

I, Celia Smith, will to Iginio Pellegrini my love for French II, knowing that he has the same failing. To Norma Mazzini I leave my venerable pair of shoes which have an ungovernable habit of coming unbuttoned.

I, Elbert Gibbins, will and bequeath to Raymond Ward my stern tone of voice, knowing that some day he will be able to conduct the O. V. L. meetings as I have done it.

I, Esther Sink, leave to Oria Orr my sweet and loving disposition. To Madeline Babcock I leave my ability to pass notes without being caught.

I, Irnita McPhail, will and bequeath to Ben Hoyle my ability to get ones in every subject. To Beatrice Horn I will my suitcases full of books hoping that I shall never have to use them again.

I, Yell Nobles, will and bequeath to Arthur McCray my love for plain Geometry hoping that some day he will take up this subject and find it as interesting as I have. To Louis Coppo I will Crabb's Synonyms, so he may learn them by heart, and thereafter pass the book on to someone else.

I, Jane Abetty Kleiser, will and bequeath to Virginia Williams my compact, knowing she will share it with Pauline Domine and that they will use it to the best advantage.

I, Merlyn Pearce, will and bequeath to Bud Thompson my good luck of sitting down in someone's gum. To Walter Winrott I leave my office of vice president of the O. V. L.

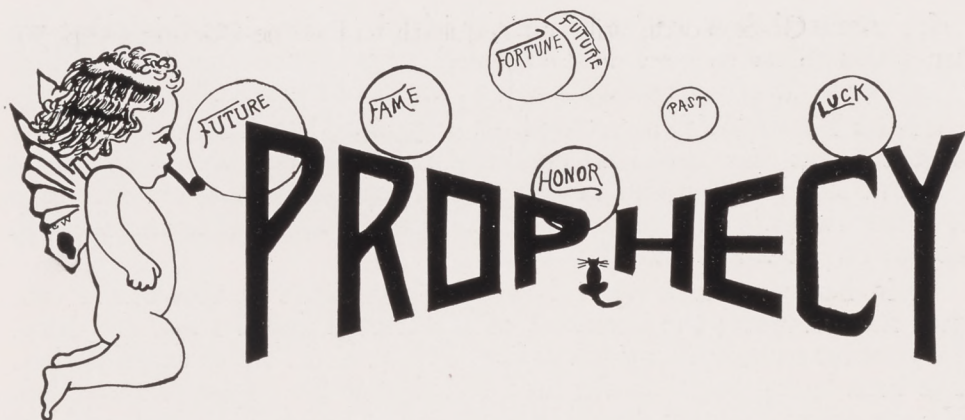
Witnessed this 5th day of June, 1924 by:

COUNT DE CHANGE
CAPTAIN PERCY VEARENCE
JUDGE U. S. KNOTT



SENIORS

S - is for the never dying spirit,
E - shows their Exit, for they're near it,
N - stands for the night of graduation,
I - stands for our ideals and all our fun,
O - is for their outlook on the nation,
R - is for respect that they have won,
S - is for their sense of right and wrong.
Now add them all together, and
They spell "Seniors," a mighty word, indeed.



At the Banquet

June 6, 1949

HERE we are back in Cloverdale! How different everything looks! Why you hardly know the town. What I admire most, though, is the beautiful dining room that the domestic science department has. It is one of the most artistic I have ever seen. The blue curtains and the oak furniture look so well together. We surely never had things like these when we were in school. It sort of reminds me of old days, though."

"Let's make Mr. Nobles toastmaster of this grand occasion. Is every one in favor? Yes? All right, Mr. Nobles is toastmaster."

Mr. Nobles: "First of all, let's give a toast to Cloverdale. Also, I want to suggest that we all relate our experiences. I imagine that some of them are very interesting and though some of them may be commonplace, I know we'll all be glad to listen to them."

Miss Yordi: "Oh, that will be fine. I can't imagine anything more thrilling! Let's have Isabel speak first. Isabel!"

Miss Murray: "I have my new aerostat almost perfected. If you hadn't come down we might all have gone up to the moon to see you for a short visit, though I can't say I admire your place of abode sufficiently to want to stay long."

Miss Hurt: "I took up the work of translating the Bible into the version of the later generation. I am sure it will suit all of our needs. Some of the phrases were so clumsy for this generation to understand. I have only finished about half of it but maybe in fifty years more I'll get it finished."

Miss Liest: "Mr. Gibbins and I surely were lucky. We have a little island domain all our own. I was on my way to India and he on his way to China to see Mr. Pearce. The ship was wrecked and after floating on a

raft for several days we landed on our island. The natives think that we are gods and our word is law. Down there gold grows on trees and all you have to do is say you want this or that and it comes."

Miss Yordi: "Well my story isn't very long. I took a chance and got on the rocket that landed me on the Moon. It has been so hot up there I couldn't stand still so I've taught dancing lessons. This is the first time I've been down. It surely is a wonderful experience to come tearing through the air for miles and miles and miles."

Mr. Pearce: "For a while I thought I wouldn't be able to see you, dear friends. Being the President of the United States keeps one busy. I was never so busy in my life before. The K. K. K. are an awful bother. I've been trying to get to the head of it but so far I haven't succeeded. No one seems to know anything about it but people have been mobbed and tarred and feathered, I wish I had some one to help me. Ben would be awfully good. Whey here he comes! Hello, Ben. You're just in time! What have you been doing?"

Mr. Warren: "Me? Why I'm the leader of the K. K. K. We're cleaning out the bootleggers and other bad characters. In a short time we shall make the United States a model place to live in; then we'll put the K. K. K. away for a while."

Mr. Pearce: "Ben—you? The leader of the K. K. K. And I was trying to find out about it. I'll have to settle with you later."

Ben laughed. "Yes, you will not. When I leave here you'll never find me. I'm going to do this up brown and I mean it."

Miss Smith: "I went to the Philippines as a teacher to help in the betterment of the young Filipinos. There I met General Wood. I talked and worked and finally proved to him that the natives should have a chance. After that he worked with me. Now we have succeeded and the Philippines are free."

Miss Kleiser: "I am a famous toe dancer in Paris. I also do much chorus work. My success is due to the fact that I took dancing lessons in Santa Rosa during my high school days."

Miss McPhail: "I am working in San Francisco as Jackie Coogan's heroine in his latest picture. I didn't expect to be doing this and I know you are all greatly surprised. I went to Hollywood and there the chance was given me. I accepted and have never been sorry. It is very interesting. I enjoy it."

Miss Sink: "I've been riding elephants in the circus. I've been all over the U. S. It's a wild life, to be sure, but thrilling. I can charm snakes and hypnotize people. You learn all those things if you belong to a circus. I'd advise that you all come and join."

Mr. Nobles: "After school was out I went South. I had heard of several people getting rich by digging up gold, which was said to be quite

plentiful. I went down, but the only thing I could find to dig was potatoes. I haven't had any success in finding gold and haven't even my old Ford left, so I had to walk all the way up here. It took me a week, but I could not think of missing this banquet. Meeting you all and talking with you has much more than repaid me for all the weary steps that I trudged to get back to this spot. Alice Grace, will you start up the Old Blue and Gold so that we may once more feel thoroughly at home in our Cloverdale?"



The Old Blue and Gold

Near the glorious Russian River,
With its wealth of legends rare,
Is the school we all shall cherish,
Is the school to us so fair!
We have seen her growth and progress
And with spirit free and bold
We declare our firm allegiance
To the Blue and the Gold!

Tho the years in quick succession
Roll away to come no more,
And we wander never staying,
Ever land and ocean o'er,
We will still recall with gladness
Happy days we spent of old
When we marched beneath the banner
Of the Blue and the Gold.

To the banks of the Russian River
When the days are past and gone,
When as schoolmates we have parted
And our lessons all are done,
We'll return and show our comrades
We're as loyal as of old
And cheer them on to victory
'Neath the Old Blue and Gold.



JUNIORS



ELL, here we are in 1924 and juniors! When we were freshmen the name "junior" seemed to mean a great accomplishment. To prove that we have been awake and working this year, let us give just a mention of a few of the things we can boast of.

One of our famous members has kept us, and several of the seniors, entertained by eating candy, cookies, bananas, oranges, and other delicacies when she was pretending to be very studious.

Another one is so taken up with his work, especially in chemistry, that he must have students repeat their answers several times so that he may hear and understand all fully.

A third spends so much time with his violin that he sometimes finds it necessary to fall asleep during study period.

A fourth has become so interested in his scout work that we often find him day-dreaming about it; but we hope that when he has reached the highest honor in that organization he will forget about it for a while and return to earth.

One fair maid is so excited about orchestra practice that it would take a great deal to keep her away from it.

Many of the rest of us could be charged with crimes just as great, but the editor forbids our telling it all just now.

These attainments are by no means the whole story, for between times we have managed to study a few lessons and acquire some of the erudition which belongs to our exalted position.

For the coming year of 1925 our plans are great and extensive. With all due respect to the seniors of this year we aim to try to surpass them.

A few of the things we expect to do are:

To help the freshmen and at least give them a little peace when they come into high school. We plan to help advertise the plays and entertainments with zest and to do it unselfishly.

But, folks, if we fall down on some of these things don't jerk us up too harshly, as it will be the first time we have been seniors, you know, and we want to enjoy the honors as much as possible without being bothered too much with the responsibility.

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The Juniors

The Juniors, the Juniors, the Juniors, are we;
This is the class of Juniors you see.
You won't forget us, we know you shan't,
'Cause this is the class that never says can't.

We use our might and then our zest
To try to make our school the best
And outclass others by so far
They'll think it's on a shooting star.

The Junior Class, we pull for all;
We hate to see a brother fall;
We help him up and on his way;
That's us, the Junior Class today.

Of all the mottoes 'neath the sun
Our "Onward and Upward" takes the bun.
And of all the flow'rs on earth we chose
The one by the name of Sweet Baby Rose.

FORREST McABEE



SOPHOMORE

Sophomore Class



WE ARE much wiser now than we were when we entered the high school; but how small will our knowledge seem two years from now when we are ready to leave?

As freshmen we were timid and quiet, looking for studies and for knowledge. Soon, however, the situation was reversed; we grew bold and became very noisy. We ran away from our studies and sought ways to dodge our lessons. But our teachers were kind and pitied us; so, telling us to study harder next year, they promoted us to the Sophomore Class.

At the beginning of the term we decided to draw up a constitution. There was much discussion about the idea and finally a committee was appointed. During this term we have had much fun and parliamentary practice in learning to follow the constitution.

We first turned our attention to the election of officers. One election was declared void because the quorum required by the constitution was not present. A later election resulted in Earl Murillo being elected president; Jane Whitaker, vice president; Rodney Capps, secretary-treasurer.

In March it was decided that the class publish a monthly paper. To raise money for the printing of it, the Sophomore and Junior classes gave an entertainment and dance. It was a great success. The paper which was published was composed of literary matter rather than news, although all class news was in it.

We are a studious class, on the whole, having five members on the "Honor Roll." In other words, our class furnished one-half of the "Honor Roll."

We are also well represented on the athletic field. On the basketball team we have Ledford and Foster; on the baseball team, Foster, Cannon, Mazzini and Ledford, or almost one-half of that team.

The girls, also, are not lacking in accomplishments. There were many of them in the "chorus" which sang and danced at the Citrus Fair. They were very graceful and their voices enchanted the throngs which heard

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them. You could expect nothing else from the members of such a prominent class.

Next year we shall enter school as juniors with our heads high. We shall be looking into every little nook for some knowledge to store away so that in the future years we may be able to use it to our own advantage and to the advantage of the whole world.

Let no one be surprised if this Sophomore Class some day supplies our country with great statesmen and perhaps a President or two.

“We would be true,
For there are those who trust us.
We would be pure,
For there are those who care.
We would be strong,
For there is much to suffer.
We would be brave,
For there is much to dare.
We would be friend
Of all – the foe – the friendless.
We would be giving,
And forget the gift.
We would be humble,
For we know our weakness.
We would look up,
And love – and laugh – and lift.”



FRESHMEN



LIP BABCOCK, who now has a bike,
Became so lazy that he won't take a hike.

Marion Bentley, whose hair is near red,
When anything's doing is always the head.

The Bradford girl, whose name is Maurine,
Will some day be a great musician, I ween.

Georgia Burger, so patient and kind,
A nicer girl would be hard to find.

Alice Chironi, who has gone away,
Now goes to school around the bay.

Little Lew Coppo, the Asti boy,
Whose brown curly hair gives all the girls joy.

Josephine Ferrari, who comes on the bus,
With her lovely dark eyes, is pleasing to us.

Robert, a boy whose last name is Glass,
If he only would study he would lead the whole class.

And now Connie Haehl, the boy with brown eyes,
If he keeps on studying will some day be wondrous wise.

Beatrice Horn, whom we all call Bee,
Puts on a dance very pleasing to see.

Ben Hoyle, a freshman who often is dreaming,
Only wakes up when the teacher is screaming.

Will Johnson, the boy who likes to play ball,
Can bat and play field with no trouble at all.

Clarence Lattin is one who can mistify all,
But you ought to see him when he plays basketball.

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Erma Ledford, whene'er she is seen,
Is treating the boys in her dad's big machine.

Irma McPhail, always ready to laugh,
Draws soda at Beaulieu's for others to quaff.

John Oliva, who is so calm and cool,
Each day the teacher says, "You stay after school."

Oria Orr, neither too fat nor too thin,
Is good when she plays on her pet violin.

A delightful girl was Alta Perry,
Whose absence from school makes life less merry.

Cecil Smith, our ball pitcher with arm mighty and stout,
In many a game puts other teams out.

Hazel Smith, with her fingers so quick,
Makes her typewriter go clickety-click.

Bud Thompson the piano is learning to play,
Hopes to rival Paderewsky in some future day.

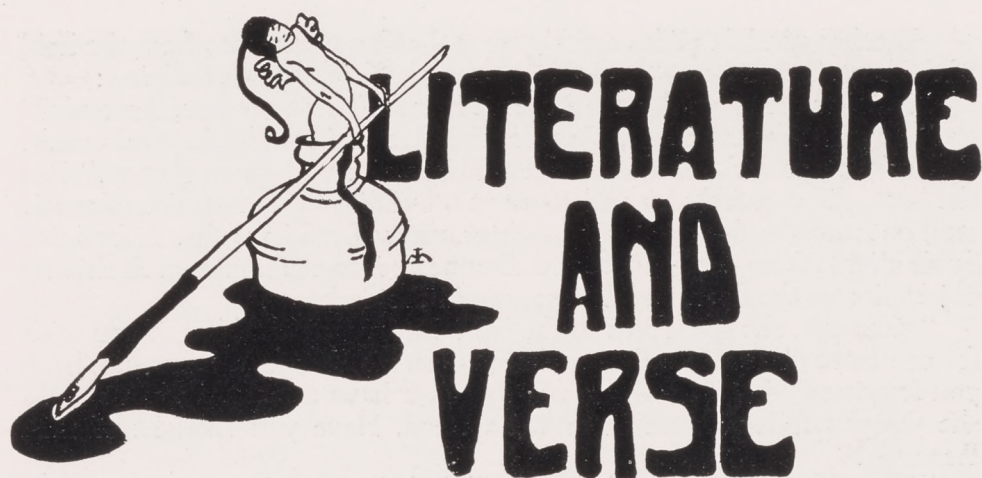
Raymond Ward, down here from the ranch,
Is earnestly trying to learn how to dance.

Virginia Williams, so slim and so tall,
For a peppy nickname "Hi, Ginger," we call.



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The Silver Buckle

THE white swan drifts slowly along the water's edge, gliding in among the water lilies, lifting its graceful head now and then and dipping its bill into the clear, smooth water. A gondola drifts slowly by, the steady dip of the oars breaking the stillness of the scene. Voices issue from the inside of the boat as it moves slowly along the bank until it reaches a house situated along the water's edge. As the gondola stops, two figures alight, a man and a woman. They move toward the building and the woman speaks rapidly:

"Now you see, Vertilio, we have quarreled. I, in a fit of anger, told him that I would never speak to him again, so he left the house and I have never seen him since that day. It was entirely my fault and I will tell him so. But remember, Vertilio, I must have your help. You will give it, won't you, Vertilio?"

"Of a certainty, Maria, I will give my help. I shall enjoy this adventure for I am sure he will fall into the trap. But I must go now, Maria—and do not forget the buckle."

"I will remember, Vertilio. You will find me in the rose garden. Go now, for I must get ready for the occasion."

Night has crept softly over the land and with her dusk-colored wings she folds it in her embrace. The city is preparing for a night's revelry, for gay-colored lanterns adorn every building. Truly it is a Venetian city.

A gondola passes by. A woman's face of ivory whiteness, with a touch of bloom upon her cheeks, is seen for one instant; the eyes are hidden by a black satin mask and the figure is shrouded in a dark, old rose cape.

Another gondola glides swiftly by and soft music comes from the hold of the boat. The occupants, too, have seen the face, for one exclaims:

"Mother of Mary! A beautiful face indeed! What say you, Ronaudo?"

"That is beyond speech, Vertilio. Her face enchants me beyond words. Follow that gondola, Pedro, and I will promise you much money." But the boat glides swiftly by and stops at a building where strains of music steal out into the dusk and gay laughter echoes from its walls. A feminine figure alights from the gondola and disappears into the building. A shining object lies on the floor, twinkling away in the darkness.

"Ronaudo, she goes forth to the ball! But we will find her, if you wish for one more glance. Her face enchants even me. But first, Ronaudo, have you forgotten Maria? No hope will you ever have to speak to her, should she see you following an unknown woman. Have you thought of this, Ronaudo?"

"That I have thought of, but I will find this rose figure. Look at each lady's feet and see if the mate to this buckle can be found. I, too, will look."

"That is she, Ronaudo. Into the rose garden? Are you going there? You can have one glimpse of her face when the masks are off."

With joy in his heart Ronaudo went into the garden and under an arbor he saw the rose figure. The cloak had fallen to the floor and numberless petals of roses covered her. One black slipper was thrust forward, minus one silver buckle.

A great clock in the ballroom boomed out twelve strokes.

"All masks off, little lady, and let me see your face."

The mask dropped from the eyes and Ronaudo stepped back with an exclamation, for he looked into the eyes of Maria, who, with a smile on her face, stretched forth her hand and said:

"My buckle, if you please, Ronaudo."

ORIA ORR



Jilted

(A Story of Olden Times)



ONE evening as dusk was falling and the sky was faintly tinged with the sunset, I strolled into a country churchyard. It stood on a knoll, around which a tiny stream made a beautiful bend and then wound its way through the low, green meadows.

Aimlessly I wandered among the graves, reading an inscription now and then, when the words, "James Blakely, aged 21 years, 3 months," caught my eye. I stopped and began idly to wonder what he

had been like—why he had died so young. Then, in the midst of my meditations, I heard a soft step behind me. On turning I beheld in the gathering dusk a beautiful girl, tall, lithe, with soft brown hair, a rather pale face and glorious brown eyes—yet in their depths lurked an indescribable sadness. In her arms she held great clusters of roses. “Good evening,” she murmured.

Then, on seeing that I had been reading the inscription, she asked, “Did you know Jim Blakely?”

Upon my answering, “No,” she said, “Then you are a stranger?”

“Yes. The name attracted me somehow, I don’t know why, and I was wondering what his story had been.”

“It is a sad, sad story,” she replied slowly, as she dropped to her knees and began to arrange the flowers. “Jim and I were children together—we were playmates. We loved the same things, the meadows, the birds, the flowers and especially—roses.

“As we grew older we gave up our play, but our friendship remained—we were still companions. We would sit and talk in the evenings or walk by the stream in the meadow or in the woods. Jim had grown tall and handsome. He had raven black hair and great dark eyes.

“Then one day there came a girl from the city. She said she had come for a rest. She amused herself with Jim. He believed that she was sincere, but when the time came for her to leave, she laughed at him and called him a ‘fool.’

“Months passed. One evening, while I was sitting on the rose-covered porch of my home, someone stopped at the garden gate, then came slowly up the path. I rose—it was Jim, but not the Jim I had known. He was thin, oh, so white and thin. His eyes, once so merry, had become, in a few short months, black pools of sadness.

“We sat on the steps in the twilight and he told me all—how she had scorned and laughed at him; the terrible hardships and privations he had suffered. Then when he was leaving, as we stood on the steps, under the roses, he whispered hoarsely:

“‘I trusted her, because I thought she was like you—pure as the roses.’

“After he was gone I realized that his sorrow was killing Jim—and I was right, it was Jim’s last night on earth.

“You see,” she explained, as she knelt in the gathering darkness with her head bowed over the roses, “Jim wasn’t used to the ways of the world—he took things so to heart.”

IRNITA MCPHAIL

The Cabin by the Sea

Beside the swelling waves,
Beside the rugged shore,
Near the sounding ocean caves,
Stands a cabin by the sea.

There's a tang o' brine in the flying wind,
There's a smell o' the rank seaweed,
There's the sound of the ocean's song
And there's the cabin by the sea.

Oh, can't you see the roses twining
Round the old and rustic doors?
Can't you see the lights a-shining
From the cabin by the sea?

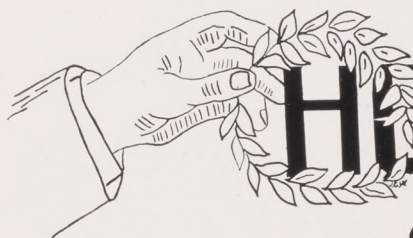
A-shining far out to the sea
Just a-shining there for me.
It's been long, long years ago
Since I left the cabin by the sea.

Oh, the years have rolled above me.
I have wandered far away
O'er the restless, surging main,
From the cabin by the sea.

Someone keeps the lights a-shining,
Someone prays for my return,
Someone's waiting there for me
In the cabin by the sea.

It is homeward now I'm turning,
For my Love and Home I'm yearning,
And I know she's waiting for me
In the cabin by the sea.

IRNITA MCPHAIL



HONOR SOCIETY



THE following is a list of those who have earned a place on the honor roll this year. At the time of printing, only three reports are in. The figures indicate the quarters during which each member has attained the excellence required for membership.

IRNITA McPHAIL 1-2-3
ISABELLE MURRAY 2
YELL NOBLES 2

ALICE GRACE YORDI 1-2-3
RODNEY CAPPS 2-3
ARTHUR HOVER 2-3

EARL MURILLO 1-2-3
JANE CAROL WHITAKER 2-3
WALTER WINROTT 1

BEATRICE HORN 1-2-3

ORIA ORR 2



THE SPECTATOR

In the Hall of Fame

Most Popular Girl	ALICE GRACE YORDI
Most Popular Boy	BEN HOYLE
Prettiest Girl	MARY HIATT
Handsome Boy	CECIL SMITH
Biggest Flirt	LOLA BELLE HULBERT
Most Studious Girl	IRNITA MCPHAIL
Cutest Girl	MADELINE BABCOCK
Cutest Boy	BUD THOMPSON
Best-Natured Girl	THELMA RICHARDS
Musician	PAULINE DOMINE
Actress	HELENE WIEDERSHEIM
Actor	ELBERT GIBBINS
Singer	ANN MCMICHAEL
Artist	JANE CAROL WHITAKER
Orator	BEN WARREN
Tallest Boy	MERLYN PEARCE
Tallest Girl	ESTHER SINK
Smallest Boy	MAURICE MURRAY
Smallest Girl	JOSEPHINE FERRARI
Best Dancer	BEATRICE HORN
Impersonator	ISABELLE MURRAY
Poet	FORREST MCABEE
Magician	CLARENCE LATTIN
Best Typist	HAZEL SMITH
Runaway Boy	LOUIS OSMON
Fattest Girl	HAZEL GIANOLI
Fattest Boy	IGINIO PELLIGRINI
Wittiest Girl	FLORIS MCPHERSON
Wittiest Boy	ROBERT GLASS
The Talker	WALTER WINROTT
Baseball Fan	DANIEL CANNON
The Tennis Champ	DICY HURT
Basketball Fan	YELL NOBLES
The Thinker	CELIA SMITH
The Cut-Up	CARLOS BABCOCK
The Spiritualist	JANE ABETTY KLEISER
Shyest Boy	RAYMOND WARD
Shyest Girl	JANE LIEST
Classiest Boy	CONNIE HAEHL
Classiest Girl	VIRGINIA WILLIAMS
The Drummer	ART MCCRAY
Strongest Boy	BUS COOPER
Comedian	EARL MURILLO
Girls' Basketball Fan	EVELYN COOK
Long-Haired Junior	NORMA MAZZINI
Red-Headed Girl	ORIA ORR
Our Movie Man	JOHN CARICO

THE SPECTATOR

MUSIC

J.C.W.

The Orchestra

The orchestra has progressed rapidly this year, under the leadership of Mrs. Bradford.

We have added three new members and we hope that we shall have as many more next year. Mr. Thun plays the saxophone and Mr. Jewett the cornet. We are pleased to say that Jack Thompson and his drums have joined us. Our old members are still faithful. Lola Belle Hulbert plays the piano and Warren McChesney, with first violin, is the leader of the instruments. Elbert Gibbins accompanies Warren McChesney on first violin and Oria Orr plays second obbligate violin. Merlyn Pearce plays the clarinet.

We have taken part in many concerts this year and played "La Traviata," "Bohemian Girl," and "Return of the Volunteers," at the Junior play.

Three cheers for our leader, Mrs. Bradford, and—

Here's to the High School Orchestra,
May they reach success and more.
Loud praise and cheer we give
The orchestra, four times four!



Boys' Glee Club

The Boys' Glee Club has been greeted with much applause whenever it has made its appearance and each song has proven a success.

Ten boys have been striving to reach the high rungs of the ladder to reach success. Mrs. Bradford as the instructor has certainly accomplished a great deal for these pupils of hers.

Earl Murillo and Cecil Smith sing bass; Daniel Cannon, second tenor; Bryon Thompson, Will Johnson and Walter Winrott, first tenor; and the baritones are Charles Ledford, Bernard Lile and John Oliva.

The Glee Club entertained the O. V. L. one Wednesday afternoon with the songs "Jus' Smile" and "High School." Also at the Oratorical Contest they sang "The Hornet" and "Auld Lang Syne." At the beginning of the school year they entertained a small gathering in the Assembly Room with some selections of "The Bullfrog and the Bulldog" and "The Morning Song."

The Wanderer

O'er the leas
And o'er the seas
I have wandered.

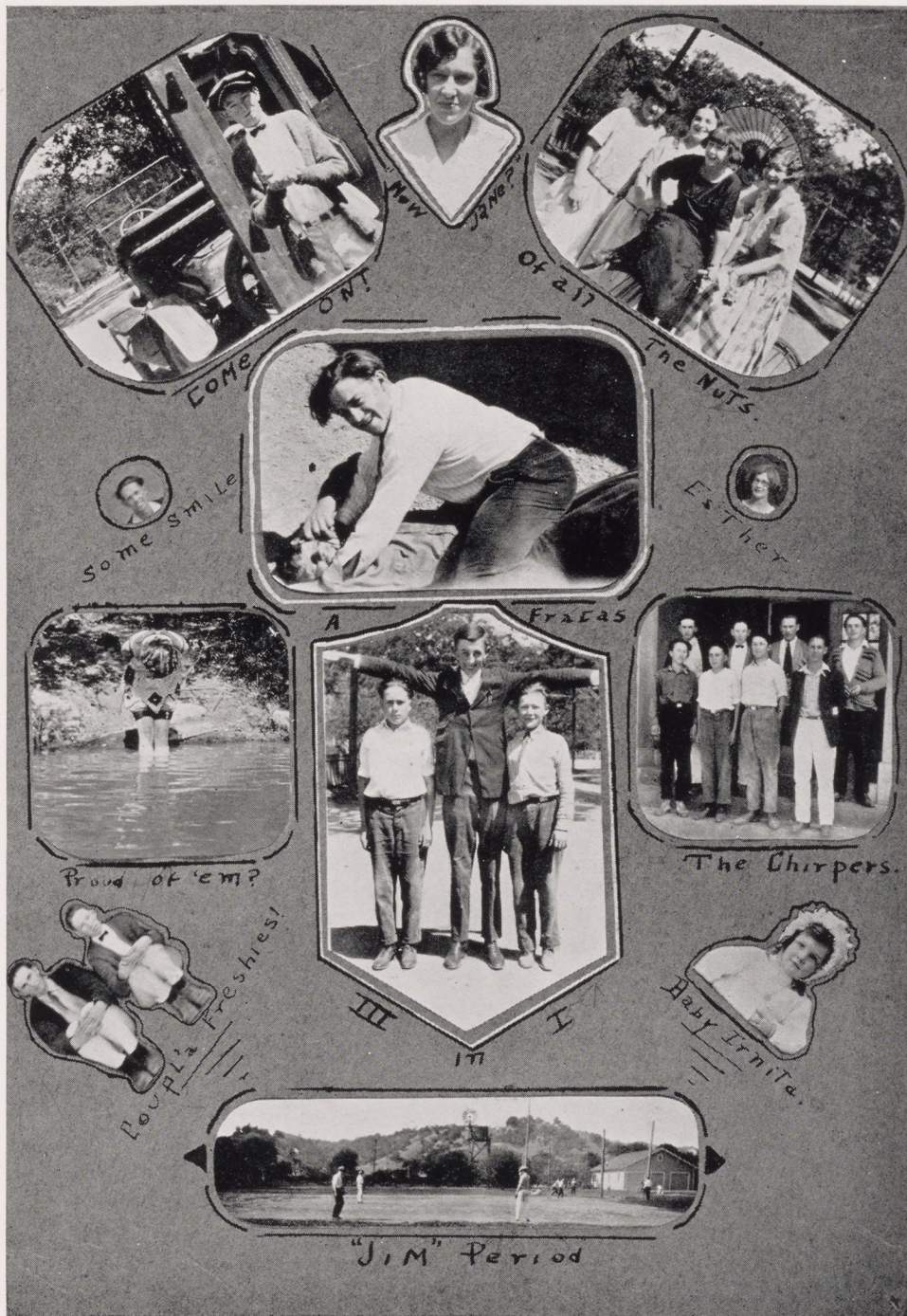
Far from home
O'er the foam
I have wandered.

From the white and frozen lands
To the desert's burning lands
I have wandered.

Far and wide, high and low,
Ever onward till I die
I must wander.



THE SPECTATOR



Calendar of Events

- SEPTEMBER 11. School starts, much greenness prevalent due to our new additions.
- SEPTEMBER 14. Freshman Initiation. Good time enjoyed by all the upper classmen.
- OCTOBER 16. Miss Tyrrell purchases a Chevrolet sedan. Stop! Look! Listen!
- NOVEMBER 3. Freshies Reception.
- NOVEMBER 16. Carnival. Great crowd, good time.
- DECEMBER 14. Chinese Operetta, a howling success.
- DECEMBER 30. Oh, what colors. Green trousers, blue trousers, red, orange and all the rest.
- JANUARY 18. First league game of basketball. We beat Geyserville. What a grand and glorious feeling!
- JANUARY 28. Scandal in O. V. L. Forty dollars missing. We hope for the best.
- FEBRUARY 15. We play Boonville. Girls lose. Boys win.
- FEBRUARY 15. Mr. Thun receives a box of cookies and is entirely aware of the fact. No, it wasn't a freshman this time, but an admiring junior.
- FEBRUARY 22. Cloverdale Citrus Fair. We put in the Liberty Bell. Mysterious odor of burning sulphur in the Chemistry Room. No; no one did it.
- MARCH 11. New pictures in assembly. Students appreciate the fact, and also the teachers.
- MARCH 28. Junior plays. Very good acting. We are proud of our juniors.
- APRIL 1. Old Clothes Day. Basket lunch. The fifteen lucky boys enjoy themselves, and the girls who brought the lunches, too, perhaps.
- APRIL 15. Baseball team goes to Calistoga. Also some of the girls.
- APRIL 20. Juniors plan Junior-Senior Party.
- APRIL 28. Seniors working hard practicing class play.
- APRIL 29. Rodney Capps wins first prize in banking examination. Mr. Sedgley concludes his lecturing on banking.
- MAY 1. Sophomore Class paper published. Very good, sophomores!
- MAY 10. Junior Class paper published. Another successful venture.
- MAY 23. Senior Play.
- JUNE 1. Much studying due the nearness of the final examinations.
- JUNE 2. SPECTATOR comes out.
- JUNE 5. Commencement. What a relief!
- JUNE 6. Our last day at school. Senior Ball.



THE O. V. L. has done itself proud this year by enrolling fifty strong, loyal members, including four members of the faculty. Next year we hope to enroll the entire high school.

Our officers for the term of 1923-1924 are:

ELBERT GIBBINS	President
MERLYN PEARCE	Vice President
ISABELLE MURRAY	Secretary
JANE ABETTY KLEISER	Treasurer

Every week we have held the regular meetings and often have had entertaining programs. The most interesting of all was probably Mr. Palmer Sedgley's account of his trip in Europe. Mr. Charles Sedgley of the First National Bank gave us seven interesting talks on banking. At the close of these a competitive examination was given. The winners of this examination were: Rodney Capps, first prize; Alice Grace Yordi, second prize; and Forrest McAbee, third prize. Besides the three winners every one who took part in the examination received a small book savings bank.

On one occasion, when the business of the meeting suddenly ran out, we had a few speeches given by the members on various subjects. It is surprising to see how well some of the O. V. L. members can speak when they are called on unexpectedly to say something.

Our Carnival was probably the most paying exhibition the O. V. L. has given. The "Freaks" and the "Fashion Show," "Barney Google,"



THE SPECTATOR

"Sleight of Hand," "Fortune Tellers," "Hot Dog Stand," "Candy Booths," "Soda Stand," all were excellent. People still talk of the good time they had, and say that we surely do know how to put on a real show.

The annual Citrus Fair, February 22-26, proved to be a great success. Different friends of the school donated the fruit so that our expense was very small. It only remained for us to make the design and work it out. What could have been more appropriate than a replica of the "Liberty Bell"? The bell was made of oranges held up by an arch of lemons, connected by a yoke of olives. Everyone who saw the exhibit spoke of it as a grand success.

At one of the meetings of the O. V. L., Ben Warren of the Senior Class entertained us by reading his essay on "Abraham Lincoln." This essay had won first prize in the contest conducted by the Illinois Watch Company. From each Senior Class of the high schools of the United States one essay was to be chosen as the winner of that school. Mr. Warren was awarded the Lincoln essay medal.

All of the members of the O. V. L. studied and wrote on the subject of the Constitution, and four members were chosen to take part in the oratorical contest held on April 10. In this contest Irnita McPhail was awarded first place.



STAFF OF "N'EVERYTHING"



DRAMATICS

Golden Days



PERHAPS it will not be out of place to mention first the play which is to be given last. From what we can see of the practice, we are assured that this will be the crowning success of the year. The play itself, "Golden Days," written by Sidney Toler and Marion Short, has all the charm of youth. Witty repartee sparkles in every sentence and the listener is made to follow with intense interest the romantic plot that works out the fate of Mary Ann.

Mrs. McCray is giving the same able coaching that made such a success of the junior plays recently. The cast is as follows:

Mrs. Drexel Kirkland	DICY HURT
Lloyd Henderson	BEN WARREN
Teddy Farnum	YELL NOBLES
William Barclay	MERLYN PEARCE
Richard Stanhope	ELBERT GIBBINS
Charlie Mason	LEON COOPER
Elaine Jewett	ESTHER SINK
Trella Webb	CELIA SMITH
Patty Ellison	PAULINE DOMINE
Sarah Applegate Slissy	ISABELLE MURRAY
Betsy Scroggins	JANE LIEST
Mrs. John Simmonds	JANE ABETTY KLEISER
Mary Ann Simmonds	ALICE GRACE YORDI
Celeste	HELENE WIEDERSHEIM

THE FEAST OF THE LITTLE LANTERNS

This was a Chinese operetta which was cleverly staged by high school students on December the fourteenth, at our school auditorium. Mrs. Bradford ably directed the cast. The majority of the parts were assigned to the girls but when strong voices were desired a number of boys were called upon from the music class.

Pauline Domine, the leading lady, played her rôle as Princess Chan to perfection. Everyone was charmed with her pleasing and winsome manner.

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Alice Grace Yordi and Isabelle Murray assumed their parts equally well. Maurine Bradford took the part of the juggler maid. Sweet strains of music issued from the artistic garden in which were blended all the hues of the rainbow in shrub and flower, in the gorgeous throne and the gay costumes of the maidens. Mrs. Foster, Miss Palmer and Mr. Thompson had accomplished a marvelous piece of work in this exquisite setting. Of equal excellence were the costumes worked out by Mrs. Cobb and Mrs. Murray.

THE CITRUS FAIR GIRLS

Much praise is due to Mrs. Cobb for the coaching of the Citrus Fair girls. There were eleven participants. Alice Grace Yordi led the chorus; the other girls were: Isabelle Murray, Pauline Domine, Virginia Williams,





Celia Smith, Ann McMichael, Jane Abetty Kleiser, Evelyn Cook, Hazel Gianoli, Maurine Bradford, Jane Carol Whitaker.

Mrs. Cobb and Mrs. T. Murray very cleverly designed the costumes.

Three songs and dances were prepared, each with costumes especially suited for the particular dance. One was "An Orange Grove in California." The girls wore pretty orange costumes and sang the song mentioned.

The next was an old-fashioned dance. The costumes were of pastel shades. Quaint dresses with hoop skirts and bodices were worn. The girls tripped with graceful step the measures to the song, "A Babbling Brook."

But a transformation took place and these same maidens soon appeared as gorgeous butterflies in brilliant colors, with wings so artistically real that even the butterfly itself would not have been able to distinguish them from his own. Miss Yordi sang the solo parts in both of these dances and her costume was the most gorgeous of all.



The Junior Jesters



A wave of expectation swept through the audience as the curtain rose for "Betty's Butler." Betty Barton was played by Helene Wiedersheim, and was seen talking sweetly to her butler, Jordan, played by Arthur McCray, Jr. Mrs. Barton was well portrayed by Lola Belle Hulbert. Mrs. Barton appealed to Mrs. Russell, played by Mary Hiatt, for a plan

to keep Betty from marrying Jordan and to compel her to marry Dickie. All her efforts failed, however, when Jordan confessed that he was the childhood sweetheart of Betty and not truly her butler.

Between the plays there was a short program in which Mrs. Foster gave us a beautiful solo. She was accompanied by Mrs. W. Furber, Mr. Arthur McCray, Sr. and Ray Capell. Mr. Thompson favored us with a song that was much appreciated by the audience. Mrs. Clark gave a number of exceptionally clever dramatic readings.

"The Man from Brandon" was a "mix-up" from start to finish. Phil Lester, played by Forrest McAbee, was a college student who had come to visit at the home of his pal, Dan Moulton, Leon Cooper. Dan was not at home when Phil arrived, and the family installed Phil as cook. Norma Mazzini played Miss Janet Spencer, the mistress of Fido. Bernice and Bertha, played by Evelyn Cook and Floris McPherson, spent most of their time bathing and caring for the pet of the family, Fido. Anne, the flapper maid, was well taken off by Pauline Domine. She didn't care so much for dogs, so Fido took little of her attention. Warren McChesney, as Jeremiah Decker, took down the house. He was a good doctor for maniacs but not exactly the one for poor Fido. When Phil lost his temper and chucked Jeremiah into the water, laughter could no longer be suppressed.

Much of the attractiveness of these two plays was due to the fact that they were short and snappy, they didn't tire the audience, and thus every word was appreciated.

After the entertainment, Misses Bernice Grant and Pauline Domine played for dancing which gave the younger set another hour of real enjoyment.

Many congratulations were received by Mrs. McCray upon the excellent way the plays were given.





ANOTHER year has rolled around and again we must look at the calendar of social events. The first of these events to take place was

THE FRESHMAN RECEPTION

For this occasion the hall was artistically decorated in lavender and green. Excellent music was furnished by Shower's Orchestra from Santa Rosa.

DINNER PARTY

Mr. Arthur McCray entertained several of his schoolmates at a birthday dinner on January seventh. Mah-Jongg and dancing were enjoyed throughout the evening. At a late hour the guests bade Mr. McCray good night and wished him many more happy birthdays.

CANDY PULL

Miss Beatrice Horn entertained a merry crowd at a candy pull on April fourth.

Games and dancing were enjoyed besides the pulling of the candy. All those present enjoyed the affair very much.

APRIL FOOL PARTY

April Fool was duly celebrated at the home of Donald Covey.

Games were enjoyed until supper time. Then each person was given a slip of paper. On this paper were indicated certain places where he must look for his partner. After finding her he was given a box of lunch. The sandwiches were spread with soap and some of the faces that were made showed that they tasted very delicious.

THE SPECTATOR

LEAP YEAR LUNCH

On April Fool's day the students of the high school had an "Old Clothes Party" at the noon hour. Earl Murillo was one of the most original of the characters and certainly carried his part out well.

The girls provided basket lunches for two and these were auctioned off. The boys were good sports and gave high bids. Some of them were certainly April fooled by the names in the baskets but this was only part of the fun and they were very good natured about it.

The proceeds were turned into the O. V. L. treasury.

WIENIE ROAST

A merry crowd of students enjoyed a picnic at the Sand Banks on April 24th.

After a hike and swim, a large bonfire was built and wienies were roasted.

This is only one of the many picnics that have been held at the Sand Banks.

BRIDGE PARTY

Miss Jane Abetty Kleiser entertained several of her girl friends on April 19 in honor of Miss Ruth Windham.

Miss Windham had just returned from several years in China and related some very interesting things.

Bridge and dancing were the main features of the afternoon and dainty refreshments were served by the charming hostess.

JUNIOR-SENIOR

The Junior-Senior Party this year was a great success.

The hall was cleverly decorated with blossoms and Chinese lanterns. This lent a very Oriental air to the room. Chinese maidens waited on the tables, which were placed in different corners.

Dancing and Mah-Jongg entertained the guests throughout the evening and at a late hour the merry crowd dispersed, feeling their evening had been well spent.

DINNER PARTY

On the evening of April 3, Miss Jane Abetty Kleiser was hostess at a delightful dinner party given at her home on West Street.

Bridge and dancing were enjoyed by the guests.

SENIOR BALL

And last but not least, the grand final—the Senior Ball.

This year the alumni of C. H. S. intend to give the ball, and from the plans outlined it will be a great success.

To Our Alumni

Here's to Cloverdale's Alumni!
They fought a good fight here and won;
Honors were theirs and glory,
For work they had planned and done.

Year after year in their history
Can be found only one aim—
To ascend one more step in the ladder
Which leads to success and to fame.

They're out in the world now, still striving;
They're scattered about here and there,
Fighting to climb a step higher,
Striving to mount above care.

We'll hate to leave our dear school,
And yet, when we look out at you,
We're glad that we may be able
To go on to learn more things and new.

A toast to Cloverdale's Alumni!
Here's to the Blue and the Gold!
Here's to the school that helped make them
Successful, big-hearted and bold.

Our Alumni, we look to you ever
For the strength which your record lends.
May we never fail to see duty
By the light that your bright star sends.

SPORTS




ASKETBALL for the season of '23-'24 was a success, although we did not win first place in the league. The teams were organized shortly after school started. The unlimited won 7 out of 10 contests and the light team won 4 out of 7.

PRACTICE SEASON

Booneville . . . 11	—	Cloverdale . . . 25
130-lb. . . . 9	—	130-lb. . . . 36
Ukiah 17	—	Cloverdale . . . 19
130-lb. . . . 11	—	130-lb. . . . 21
Hopland . . . 9	—	Cloverdale . . . 40
130-lb. . . . 26	—	130-lb. . . . 12
Ukiah	—	Cloverdale forfeited
130-lb. . . . 26	—	130-lb. . . . 27
Hopland . . . 18	—	Cloverdale . . . 42
130-lb. . . . 30	—	130-lb. . . . 29
Booneville . . 15	—	Cloverdale . . . 30



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LEAGUE GAMES

Calistoga . . . 52	—	Cloverdale . . . 24
130-lb. . . 19	—	130-lb. . . 23
St. Helena . . . 15	—	Cloverdale . . . 15
130-lb. . . 26	—	130-lb. . . 17
Geyserville . . . —	—	Cloverdale . . . —
130-lb. . . 19	—	130-lb. . . 41

Baseball



Directly after basketball, baseball try-outs were held. Cooper was elected captain and manager. He appointed Smith, pitcher; Cannon, first; Nobles, second; Ledford, third; McCray, shortstop; Lattin, Foster and Mazzini, fielders; Johnson and Babcock, extras.

We haven't made such a record in baseball as we did in basketball. So far we haven't won a game, though the defeats have been shallow.

Girls' Athletics



REGARDLESS of the fact that fewer games were played this year than is usually the custom, basketball did not lack in interest. Practice was held regularly every Wednesday night from 7:30 to 9:00, twice a week during noon hours, and occasionally a few minutes were allowed us during the regular gymnasium period.

Early in the term over twenty girls signed up for basketball. This number decreased somewhat, however, when it was learned that practice could not be held during "Gym." In spite of this drawback, a sufficient number were always present to insure a good practice.

At the beginning of the term we received several challenges which we were forced to decline, as our team had not been organized a sufficient length of time when they were received. However, none were overlooked when practice was once started.

On February 15, the team journeyed to Boonville. The game was to start at 7:30 and, as we were somewhat late, the whistle blew before we had time for any practice. We have very little to say about that game, and those who did not see it can never appreciate its real value. Briefly it is this: Boonville was victorious, and the score is forgotten.

It was our cherished hope this year that we might secure a "friendly little game" with our old rivals, Geyersville, and so settle the question of supremacy once and for all, but this did not come to pass, and is a fact which is deeply regretted by all.

To Miss Tyrrell, our coach, the entire team is indebted for her patience and willingness in coaching us, and in particular outside of school hours, a privilege which was greatly appreciated.

The girls who composed the team of '24 are: Evelyn Cook, Esther Sink, Isabelle Murray, Dicy Hurt, Erma Ledford, Virginia Williams and Jane Liest.





JOKE

Mr. Thun—Mary! did I hear you say “darn”?
Mary H.—I should say not, I’ve passed the stage of baby talk.



Pauline—Give me four sheets of carbon paper.
Miss Bowman—Why so many?
Pauline—I am writing a letter to my beaux.



Miss Tyrrell—When do the leaves begin to turn?
Ben Warren—The night before exams.



Mr. Peters (After seeing Yell Nobles limping into assembly).—What’s the matter, Yell?
Yell—The mule that was tied out on the baseball diamond, kicked me.
Mr. Peters—Were you bothering him?
Yell—No, I was only trying to carve my initials on him.



Miss Pierson—I’ll give you just one day to hand in that paper.
Elbert—All right. How about the Fourth of July?



Miss Tyrrell—Ben, why did Hannibal go over the Alps?
Ben Hoyle—For the same reason the chicken crossed the road. You don’t catch me with no riddle.



Buss—Did the baseball hit you in the face?
Yell—No, I had my mouth open.



Pearce—I notice you’re not eating much candy nowadays.
Alice—No, I have pretty nearly gotten out of the habit since I’ve been going with you.

THE SPECTATOR

Prof. (To Babcock coming in tardy.)—What are you late for?
Babcock (Sleepily)—'er—class, I suppose.



Lady (To Ben Warren at Drugstore.)—I hear Mrs. South charges a lot of stuff.
Ben—Yeh, the whole family is that way, why even the canary has a bill.



A Chinese truck driver recently presented a firm with the following bill:
10 Goes, 10 Comes, at 50 cents a Went - - \$5.00



C. H. S. is developing some promising mathematicians. Here's an original geometry problem presented by a senior girl. She calls it modern geometry.

Given: I love you.
To prove: That you love me.
Proof: 1. I love you.
2. I am a lover.
3. All the world loves a lover.
4. You are all the world to me.
Therefore 5. You love me.



From Our Exchanges

"Your themes should be written so that even the most stupid could understand them."
"Yes, ma'am, but what part didn't you understand?"—*The Boom* (Mendocino).

(In Spanish I) "Is meat feminine?"

"Of course, don't they kill cows to get it?"—*The Advance* (Arcata).

"Some girls use dumb-bells to get color in their cheeks."

"Yes, and some girls use color in their cheeks to get dumb-bells."—S. R. H. S. (San Rafael, Cal.).

Teacher—"I thought I told you to bring your notebooks to class."

Student—"I don't need a notebook. I have my head."

Teacher—"I didn't say to bring blank notebooks."—*Valley Argus* (Boonville).

"Did you hear about the wreck, Sam?"

"No, what was it about?"

"One firefly met another one,

"And both their lights went out."—*Ukiah Hi*.

Doctor—"What can I do for you?"

Patient—"Say, if I knew that, I wouldn't be paying you two dollars for telling me."
—*The Bear Cub* (Santa Rosa, J. C.).

"Now that the tests are over,

Oh, how my heart does sing!

But—when they give report cards, Oh death! Where is thy sting?"—*Cardinal and Black* (Lakeport).

"Why do clocks run in winter?"

"They run to keep warm."—*Green and Gold* (Sonora, Calif.).



